

THE COLLEGIAN

St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



Welcome Alumni!

MAY, 1931

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EVENING STAR

The day is on the wane, and in the west
The sun is slowly sinking down to rest;
Across the western sky appears a hue
Of many colors passing in review.
Dun stratus clouds cast shadows o'er the plain
And herald pleasant evening's quiet reign,
While, lo! in yonder skies a gleaming star
Is shining bright through twilight from afar.

Aloft on cloudy wings, oh let me rise,
And view this flaming wonder in surprise!
Transfixed with awe and fully dumb with dread
I love to walk where heaven's glories spread.
No mortal tongue can ever plainly tell
What evening star proclaims through evening bell.

Warren C. Abrahamson '31

LOTUS-EATING DURING STUDY PERIODS

In those mossy old days when Geography constituted a terrifying part of every school curriculum, the young student discovered that many nations and races made up the population of the world. Perhaps through the medium of sport-pages and bally-hoo advertisements that seem so necessary to the propagation of athletics, he came to the knowledge that many colleges exist throughout the land. By the process of his own reasoning he may have arrived at the conclusion that all these institutions are subdivided according to the underlying idea of the prevailing curriculum into universities, seminaries, polytechnical schools, and the like without end. In the last analysis, he finally may feel convinced that there are as many ways of preparing for class recitation, and as many ways of spending time during study periods, as there are students, days, moods, inclinations, and distractions in the general environment. Since the last consideration is one of intense interest to all students who are serious-minded and as such are determined to get the most out of the opportunities for self-advancement afforded in the study hall, it is only fair that anyone who has extensive experience in this connection should dispense his observations without reserve.

It may be very proper to note that mere generalities, such as ways of sitting at one's desk, handling books, and using writing material will be passed over as of little consequence to the art of self-advancement during study periods. The real objective is to suggest some particular occupation that will assist the student materially in making the most of the time given him for study, for it is only in

this way that he can secure the desired self-advancement.

Among the items that are known to operate towards personal improvement there is one which students like to contemplate, because it has always been considered an absolute necessity, and that is sleep. Have not the mightiest men of the world been compelled to call "time out?" If Napoleon needed rest; if Caesar and Hannibal required relaxation; then by just so much, do not the individuals who make up a study-hall assemblage demand it? Now it hardly needs mention that a second invitation to make use of this pleasant means of self-improvement will not be necessary for many a student. To befriend old Father Morpheus is something so agreeable that few stand in danger of resisting his inviting blinks, but in this relation it is imperative to know what conditions will qualify a student for enjoying the sleeping privilege and to state definitely that the required conditions must be scrupulously met.

One slight exception to the conditions and rules generally required for self-improvement by sleeping must at once be considered. There is, namely, a Morphean activity recognized as day-dreaming. Some few who have enlightened themselves on this matter by much practice claim for day-dreaming the power to enliven the imagination, together with all the benefits that result from this faculty when once awakened. Others may feel inclined to quibble about this statement. If there are any who do so, they shall be left to their own broils.

In order to provide the best circumstances for profitable dozing, it is imperative as a condition to have at one's disposal a nerve calming device. None

other will be more suitable to this end than to have the inside of the desk lid covered with greeting cards, with cuts from the Sunday comic supplement, and with such other things of futuristic art as may have accumulated in scrap-books or in waste baskets. In arranging these exhibits, it is important that severe uniformity shall be followed out as monotony and sameness are extremely conducive to self-improvement by dozing, and it would be just too bad for any student if he should fail to be hypnotized by this simple trick, for he will then be constrained to use a more cumbersome method to bring on drowsiness. A method of this kind would be to drum the desk lid with one's fingers until others are disturbed, and the performer's eyes begin to blink. The improvement resulting from this method is agility in finger movement and ought to qualify a student to become an excellent musician.

But a real notable advantage that arises out of dozing during study periods consists in making time fly without being obliged to watch the direction it takes. Besides it helps in making a hurried and vague preparation of lessons, and may even bring on sweet poetic dreams that may ultimately boost a student into fame by allowing him to climb Parnassus and set his name high in literary circles. Who would not love to scale the heights of glory by the easy ladder of dozing? If only the poor fellow will not slip and flop, but there is the danger—slip and flop!

If dozing can do so much, which is merely the faint image of its soothing sister, sleep, then what may not be expected in the matter of self-improvement by the help of a real snore? Hence to get the greatest benefit out of study periods, sleep should

be induced as quickly as possible. Should it prove difficult to nestle close to old Morpheus in the short and usual way, then it will be found helpful to gaze reflectively for some moments at the faces of others in the study hall, all the while making mental note of the expressions on their visages. After trying for some minutes to ape the listless, slovenly, impassable, sphinxy, and emotionless countenances of those who are within easy seeing distance, sheer ennui will compel the mind of the observer to execute a few pleasant somersaults into the land of the subconscious where in addition to the most attractive and most free amusement is coupled the possibility of becoming a lionized author like W. Durant or H. L. Mencken. Can there be any doubt that at this stage of the game sterling self-advancement will begin and continue until it has literally exhausted itself?

There are study-halls, however, in which the process of self-advancement by sleep and even by dozing is utterly impossible. Appointed supervisors will generally prohibit this method by demanding application and discipline. In the face of this circumstance, the student will do well to observe the effects of the weather on his immediate neighbors, or he may use much time in cleaning his pen and make matters worse by getting his fingers soiled. Then, too, he might improve his psychological insight by wondering for hours at the time what some fellow student felt like saying when the desk lid happened to come down with a loud crack on his head. He may further improve his physical bearing by promenading back and forth between his desk and some automatic pencil sharpener, always making sure to stumble over every pair of sprawling legs in the aisle.

But if the student should have an aversion for physical exercise and should feel inclined to keep himself in bodily repose, he still has chances for self-improvement. He may appeal conveniently to his urge for artistic development and accordingly make judicious observations on elevations and depressions shown by floors, walls, ceilings and like objects, or he may spend many a half-hour in wondering why his fellow-students comb their hair in this or that particular fashion, or how it comes that their ears, eyes, and noses should just be placed in such odd positions as they actually hold. Surely this procedure will bring him a large hundred per cent in any pending examination be it in languages, numbers, or sciences.

Finally, it may be added that there is an exceedingly important use for articles, altogether incidental, in the matter of self-advancement such as books, pencils, and writing materials. These may serve a twofold purpose; they may be used as mere ballast for the inside of desks, or they may be employed in creating a pretentious atmosphere on the top of desks. Of course, every artist must have his background, and the devotee of the art of self-advancement during study periods may conveniently make his books suit this particular purpose. Instead of hiding the sources of his improvement within his desk, why should he not expose them to view? As an indication of diligence and work there is nothing that will more readily take the blue-ribbon prize than a profusion of books, ink bottles, pens, and writing materials placed on the top of desks. The real student will be careful to arrange these articles in such a way that anybody who sees them will say to himself that never before in his life

did he encounter a student half so diligent and half so hard a worker as is that particular fellow on the top of whose desk is exhibited a perfect museum of labor.

Applying himself vigorously to following out the ideas set forth in these pages, every student ought to find self-advancement in education a pleasantly easy matter. For him school life will be stripped of its thorns, for by merely lying on a bed of roses, he may hope to graduate with honors.

Thomas Clayton '31

AVE MARIA

Ave Mother, Mary Hail!

Heir of heaven's noblest grace;

May our prayers with thee prevail,

Though our lives be sadly base.

Queen of heaven, thou art blest,

Fairest daughter born of man;

Thou wast chosen 'bove the rest

By our God to fill His plan.

Hence, O Mary, Mother mild,

Give us proof of thy sweet care!

Each of us would be thy child,

In thy graces, let us share;

Be our guide in earthly strife;

Show the way to endless life.

Joseph N. Wittkofski '32

SEVEN

Seven. Yes, he was born on the sixth of January, the first month of the year. One and six made seven for him as they do for anybody else, but it did not happen to anybody else as it happened to him that leaving home for good took place on the seventh; that the first job came along on the seventh; that marriage, with its rejoicings and quarrelings, occurred on the unavoidable sevenths. Every matter of significance in the run of his life took place on the seventh, and the matter itself was always sevenfold. In the figure 7 itself he could not discern the shape of a star, but he gradually spoke of it as being the guiding star of his life in spite of its defective appearance. What he found out that he could do in all his affairs was to manipulate the days, weeks, months, years, and the signs of the zodiac in such fashion as to make all events that affected him in any way to run regularly in tune with the uneven number, seven. As his years multiplied towards manhood, the conviction settled upon him that as long as he could "pull the trick" to stamp the occurrences of his life with the number, 7, all would be well; should that trick fail him, his star of luck would surely be on the decline.

To make his name harmonize with his idea of luck even the xyz's that incumbered it in its original form had to go by the board, and he became known, because he wished it so, simply as Guy Wren. With this portentious name, he sailed into the office of cashier in a bank on the 20th of February, the second month of the year. At first sight, twenty and two appeared to preclude the occult power of a seven, but at this Guy Wren was nothing daunted. He

had reached his thirtieth year when the new job came to him, and 30 plus 20 plus 2 summed into a 52 out of which number, by adding the digits, the fortunate seven would happily emerge. With him everything meant seven or burst.

Gradually Guy Wren became rutted in the habit of doing everything according to the rule of seven. With a precision equalled only by blind nature in its operations were all his actions from the chewing of his food down to taking his hours of rest regulated in accord with the mysterious demands of this rule. He obeyed it in conversation by counting seven before making any reply; he obeyed it by taking hours, days, weeks in sevens before committing himself to any important resolve; he obeyed it in all his thinking and planning, for with him logical conclusions could have no value if in some one or other way a seven did not sanction them. Hence when resolving to rob the bank of which he was cashier, he thought it best to work for seven months on an airtight plan before the looting should begin. Believing himself thoroughly secure if only he were to deal in sevens, he withdrew the first bonds—seven of them to be exact—on the seventh of July, the seventh month. The remaining bonds, seven in number, were allowed to rest for seven months longer before being withdrawn on the seventh day of the appointed month at exactly the seventh hour of the day in order to shield his transactions from possible detection by the protecting mystery of his lucky number. Aye, he then waited seven weeks before he disappeared from the bank and from the neighborhood.

Everything proceeded with perfect simplicity, and his curious plans for the future had simplicity

itself beat. He would merely cross the state bridge, drive to Seven Oaks, make himself known there, return by another road to the bridge, allow his automobile to run off the embankment after vacating it. The machine would be found, would be recognized, but no bodies would be discovered as the raging torrent would be supposed to have carried them away. A seven o'clock train would securely carry him to Canada with his twice seven bonds that would prove to be perfectly negotiable currency.

His plans were carefully laid in all simplicity; to carry them out would not even require the aid of luck. At the chosen hour of seven in the day, he leisurely took the road in his machine. He was not nervous; he drove carefully, slowly. Traffic on the road was light, only a touring car and a sedan passed him and roared over the bridge on the way to Seven Oaks. But what was that which appeared suddenly on the road between him and the bridge? A man carrying a shot gun stepped directly in the path of his car and commanded him to stop. He jammed on the brakes and stopped dead. Instantly he realized that he should have counted seven before stopping.

The man with the gun came up to the car. His looks completely devastated Guy Wren. Could it be anything else but the hollow wonder of desperate Fate itself? Here already he was encountering obstacles. But he felt reassured in his prospects for luck when he looked the man over and counted seven stars on the band of his hat. Seven always meant friendliness. But his was to be a surprise this time.

"Get out," said the man. "I'm going to search your car."

"What—what do you mean? You are going to

search my car?" gasped Guy Wren. "What are you after?"

"I know what I'm after," said the man sternly. "Get out."

The determination of the man plus his shotgun left no room for further argument. Guy Wren had to stand aside and see his car thoroughly searched. Only when the man calmly took the key from the ignition and undertook to unlock the rear compartment of the car did Wren offer to complain. From his pocketbook he drew an identification card, held it up to the man and said:

"Look at that! Read it! You will see who I am."

"Cashier, eh," came the reply. "Well, of all things! It is lucky to meet with cashiers. They are interesting people, in fact so interesting that they bear watching."

Without further ado, the man opened the rear compartment of the car and quickly drew out a traveling bag. It was not locked. Opening the bag he peered into it sharply like a bird striking at a worm.

"Great stars, man," burst out Wren. "What are you looking for? Doesn't my card tell you enough? Why do you cause all this delay to people who are busy?"

"Well, you see, I must be particular," came the reply. "I have important business. I'm looking for cornborers."

"Cornborers!" shrieked Wren. "What have I to do with corn? Don't you see that I am a bank cashier? All this while I thought that you were little better than a fool, old farmer that you seem to be. Why should the likes of you trouble people anyway?"

"Yea," replied the man in a sheepish drawl, "I'm fool enough to look for cornborers and also fool enough to serve as a burglar alarm. What is this I see?" Here he looked at the double photo on the Canadian passport. The one showing a gentleman clean shaven, wearing shell-rimmed spectacles; the other, a dapper fellow wearing a waxed Van Dyke, looking a trifle boop-boopey-doop.

To increase the man's suspicions, the old travelling bag yielded up a double roll of bonds at which it seemed he could never quit staring. All the while Wren felt that ugly, creepy, yellow feeling stealing over him which chokes a fellow and really makes him a coward. He began begging to be let alone. But the man stood by his gun as he quavered out:

"This is exceedingly interesting. Cashier, eh? Well you had better come with me for a little closer inspection. You see I may look like a farmer, but the fact is that I am the sheriff of Seven Oaks. I look for cornborers, but also look for safe borers. Your case looks ugly to me. Get into the car with me and drive to headquarters."

"Cornborers and safe borers," shrieked Wren almost hysterical. "Cornborers—what in the name of common sense made you pick on me? I saw two cars sweep across the bridge ahead of me and you never stopped them. Why didn't you stop them?"

"You see," said the man a little surprised, "you cannot stop every car, can you?"

"But what made you stop me?" insisted Wren.

"Yours was the seventh car," said the man looking a bit triumphant.

"And what makes you pick on the seventh?" queried Wren.

"Well, you see it's this way," continued the man as he clapped the handcuffs on Wren's wrists, "my lucky number is seven. I do all things by the rule of seven. To advertise my practice, I wear seven stars on the band of my hat. By the way, have you no lucky number?"

On his bed in jail, Guy Wren was often heard to shout "seven, seven, seven. Have you no lucky number? Yes, ye gods, my lucky number is seven. Fate must have crossed her wires." A fever of worry soon got the better of him. In his delirium he frequently cried out, "Seven, oh seven!" Seven once more turned favorable to him. After seven weeks, he passed out to stay out.

F. Kienly '31

TO OUR HEAVENLY MOTHER

O Mary, Mother Mary,
To whom good Christians pray!
A student's life, a student's work
Take thou in charge this day.

And when his hand but weakly
Doth wield the sword of life;
Then Mary, Mother Mary,
Give aid to him in strife!

Oh, if he should forsake thee,
And turn to life of shame;
O Mary, Mother Mary!
O haste him to reclaim!

Should he of life grow weary
And sink before its dole;
O Mary, Mother Mary,
Brace thou his faltering soul.

James L. Elliott '31

A MOTHER'S LOVE

A famous musician has written in the preface to one of his compositions: "What else is our life than a series of preludes to that unknown song of which the first solemn note is struck by death? Love is the morning glow of every heart; but in what human career have not some first ecstasies of bliss been broken by the storm, whose cruel breath destroys fond illusions, and blasts the sacred shrine with a bolt of lightning?"

First love is just such a prelude; soon broken and made a memory for the heart to feed on in the days and years of silvery hair. But there is another greater, finer piece of music, a rapturous overture of the heart, that is played on and on all through the day and far into the night, in tempest and sunshine, in life and in death, echoing in the songs of millions of mothers, until, when God wills it, there are left only the wistful chords dying away in the distance like some faint swan-song. This is a mother's love.

It is a mother's love that may be compared to the essence of roses, the attar of orchids, the scent of violets, and to all these mixed into one. The fairest, the most supreme, it is the most deathless love of all. Weakly sympathetic though it be, it knows no obstacles; it is because of its weakness in yielding to the wishes of children that a mother's love overcomes everything.

History furnishes examples of this undying love in abundance. Was it not for the space of fourteen years that St. Monica prayed for the conversion of her wayward son? Her incessant prayers were heard. The mother of the Maccabees urged her children

onward through torture to spiritual glory, and her love was triumphant. In fact, unnumbered are the examples that may be found in ages past to illustrate how a mother's love conquers difficulties.

Even in the ordinary life as existing in the most obscure village, a mother's love will staunchly stand the test of time. After the angels have taken her to walk in Paradise, her holy, though invisible spirit continues to pervade the home where once she was the source of gladness and consolation. Her children hold her memory dear and love the home that, during life, she made the shrine of their heart-ache.

The place where once she lived, worked, and won, a little gray-haired woman, after she is gone becomes a resort for melancholy feeling, for the bright spot that shone with the warmth of the sun has passed away with her being, and in its place is only the sad, though sweetly mellow light reflected from the image of her memory. Yet it is still something that has the flavor of her—the mother. She was the one who made the house a home, and without her it has become a home without a heart, without beauty; one filled with an indefinable and restless longing.

A home that is still in the care of a mother's love is indeed fortunate. Home is mother's domain. There she is the queen of her own little country with dad as her right-hand man. When sorrow enters her little realm, it is up to her to make all well. If a black sheep shows up in her flock, and the impulse of love says, "Go after it," she will take the road, but she will return; perhaps victorious, perhaps with only a braver front for her trouble than before, but determined at all costs to bring back the one that has strayed.

Feeble as she may be when the sands of life are running low, she will yet stretch forth her toil-worn hands and will reach down lower in all humility for those committed to her charge than anyone else on earth will even think of doing. Her children cannot walk out into the midnight, but her hands will guide them; and these same hands will be ready to embrace them with maternal love when they return. Her kindness is such as brands the name, mother, indelibly on the heart and memory.

Should a person find himself despised and forsaken and left empty-handed by the wayside of the world to die unnoticed and forgotten, if he still has a mother, she will be sure to come if in any way possible to dispel all distress and to heal all wounds. What she will have to say will be only good, even though the object of her attentions be disfigured with crime. There is no forgetting on her part of anything that may be consoling under such circumstances, and it is her sympathetic heart that often works so powerfully on the rudeness of the wayward as to incite a sincere contrition for wrong-doing. It is just such wonders that mother-love can work, making men of fools, ladies of hoidens, and keeping itself from wavering until death sets it free.

But is a mother's hand stayed even after death? Incidents are known that lead people to believe otherwise. What can no longer be accomplished by her presence is achieved by the memory that lives after her, for a mother's love and a mother's hand are one, and as one they know no limits of space or time. The Almighty Creator, Who is the real composer of that song of which mother-love is the theme, and Who has made the beginning of every child's life to serve as a prelude to that song, will not

allow its meaning to dissolve in the sad refrain of mere death. It is He, Who has taught a mother's hand to handle with gentleness that frail infant life at its origin, and it is He, Who has made a mother's love a reflection of His own good will towards man. Through His help it is that a mother's love receives that heartening quality which makes the memory of her exert an abiding influence upon her children.

Was it not Christ Himself Who respected a mother's love to such a degree that He wrought a miracle in response to her petition at the marriage feast at Cana? Did he not allow himself to be brought into public notice before His time as a mere child of twelve years because she would have Him in her company? Was He not solicitous for her welfare up to His last breath? And all this because of her great mother love!

A mother may write no books, paint no pictures, thrill no audiences, govern no countries; her life may be spent in menial employment, yet she is attended by a grave dignity because of her position in human life which the fame of worldly success cannot equal. She has a way that is inscrutable, an intuition that surpasses understanding, a kindness that is angelic, and a gift which is the rarest of which man has knowledge—Mother-love. Ed Binsfeld '31

Spring's last-born darling, clear-eyed, sweet,
Pauses a moment, with white twinkling feet,
And golden locks in breezy play,
Half teasing and half tender, to repeat
Her song of "May."

Susan Coolidge.

IMAGINATION

Imagination, what a wonderful word, and what a world of meaning it implies! Psychologists claim that it is the power that decomposes the concepts of the mind and recombines their elements into images that give either pleasure or pain. Hence, whatever is the product of one's own mind is said to be the fruit of his imagination. This fruit or product has the commendable quality of being original, genuine, and in reality a part of the person himself. Great inventors, writers, and speakers owe their success mostly to the vivid imaginations they possess. Of course this world would be a drab haven of refuge for poor humanity if the buoyant cheer and the teasing tricks of the imagination were not present to offset the sour seriousness that accompanies daily trials. There would, moreover, be no Ciceros, Dantes, Miltos, and Henrys to astonish the public with pen and paper; no Edisons, Fords, and Wright Brothers to amuse people with unexpected conveniences. In short man would be as uninventive as the birds of the air or the beasts of the field.

Among the many every-day errors that beset the minds of people, one chiefly holds place that mistakes mere fancy for imagination. Of course this mistake is of no consequence for the ordinary, uninventive, and non-creative mind, but for the artist, in whatever field he may work, it is as deadly as crass ignorance. People whom the distinction may concern need go no further in their search than "Webster's Dictionary," and they will there learn that the verb, 'imagine,' does not mean day-dreaming, and that fancy does not signify productive genius.

Merely distinguishing imagination from fancy is, however, not enough to bring into clear view what the former really implies. As with all faculties of the mind, so with imagination, careful divisions must be made to insure correct procedure. A mere glance at even the most simple work on psychology will show that imagination is to be considered under a twofold aspect, namely, mechanical and constructive. The mere artisan needs no more than a mechanical imagination in his employment, and is in consequence of inferior importance in the great world of affairs. At any rate his variety of imagination does not come in for a share of consideration in this bit of writing. It is the man with a constructive imagination, the artist, namely, who takes nature as his guide and thus makes himself a helpful and directing influence in human life, who above all deserves consideration. It is imagination as individualized in him that plans the wheels on which industry rides along as well as ignites the sulphur flames of the Infernos as pictured by a Milton or a Dante. Constructive imagination is like the wings of an eagle; it allows a man to soar: mechanical imagination is like the wings of an ostrich; it enables a man to run.

But how can imagination be exercised? Whatever faculty is not put to use will lie dormant in a man, and this is as true of mental as of physical faculties. To secure the required exercise in this case, hardly any other method will prove more effective than the quiet and persistent contemplation of the astonishing and attractive figures, pictures, and comparisons as left to the world of letters by the creative genius of renowned authors. Haphazard and rapid reading with mere squinting and glancing at pages, will be of no avail. As well might an architect, who plans a structure of beauty, hope to

obtain a coherent mental view of his project by chatting at the street corners of a town with gossips and news mongers. He will rather find it necessary to do a great deal of silent reflecting and, if at all possible, to go to localities where grand buildings may be inspected and examined in order that he may get "color," as it is called, for the outlines and details of the structure he desires to erect. It is reported that, when Shah Jehan of Persia called for an architect to design the Taj Mahal, the one who conceived the picture of that gem of buildings had succeeded in developing his unequalled plans merely after inspecting hundreds of buildings and after hiding away for years in seclusion until as a result of his meditating and reflecting the whole structure rose before his mind like the fairy image of a dream. In very much the same way will a writer have to proceed if his work is to reflect that effort which alone will attract and hold the attention of any reader. If a writer's imagination has not been busy while he pens his work, there will be no soul in his production.

Napoleon Bonaparte is credited with the saying, "Imagination rules the world." If it be conceded that rulers, orators, poets, writers, and inventors, one and all, appeal to imagination in order to endow the dead skeleton of mere thought with flesh and blood, then he was probably correct in his assumption. But does anyone find it to be otherwise than that imagination is the living, ruling force in all these matters? If so, then the following lines from Shakespeare belie the greatest glory of their author:

"And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Imagination, furthermore, stirs the fires of man's ambition. It continually dangles before the eye of the human mind the bait of new possibilities, new methods, and new situations. It is the mighty arm of progress. If there were no incentive to get out of the rut, out of the beaten path of past ages, man would continue living in hovels without attempting to spend energies beyond what is immediately necessary to keep body and soul together. In other words, everybody would lazily follow in the footsteps of his ancestors unless visions of glory and achievement would open his eyes to the reality of better and more beautiful things in life. But right in this connection some one or other will raise a warning finger against the chances of allowing the imagination to run wild. But even if it does so run; the harm will not be great. A far greater harm is the fact that at present imagination lies dead in the world, with the one exception, and that is the field of mechanical invention. Of course, there is a lot of fancy for sale; fancy galore.

It is old Chaucer, who blithely says:
"Men may die of imagination,
So deep may impressions be taken."

But the old poet had no reasons to fear any catastrophe of this kind in his own case. He did not have nearly enough imagination to finish the huge work he had undertaken, even if he had lived to reach the century mark. He is not by any means the only one who would have imagination labeled as a package, "Handle with Care!" Those, however, who feel that they are in danger of being victimized by their imaginations, should speedily consult an alienist before they lay the blame for their peculiar aberrations.

tions to the charge of that most entertaining, most helpful, that most benign of mental gifts—Imagination.

Richard C. Mueller '31

THAT'S NEWS TO ME

Last night's party had allowed but a few hours of sleep to Mr. Garvis. Fully in a grumpy mood, he parked himself in an easy chair on the following morning awaiting his breakfast. On a reading table, conveniently placed at the side of his chair, lay the "Early Worm," a paper that like a reveille at sunrise, flared the latest news through mansion and cabin for an after-tea dessert for everybody. Upon glancing at the paper, he saw the headline: "Mr. and Mrs. Garvis Entertain Friends in Grand Style." He read the report, and straightway the whole affair spoilt his appetite for breakfast.

"Who sent this report to the paper?" he growled as he took his place at the table.

"Well, hubby, why so angry?" queried Mrs. Garvis, "Was there too much whoopee for you last night? I know that friends are a nuisance once in a while, but they have their place in life, and that place cannot be conveniently denied them."

"Not that at all," continued Mr. Garvis, "but what makes me so confounded mad is the write-up in this morning's paper. It looks to me that the world is so hungry to know what everybody else is doing that a man cannot have a button sewed on his trousers nowadays without having a million people scratching and clawing to find out that bit of news. I thought that our party was a secret; something known only to a few friends. You know, dearie, that

we could not invite all our friends, as that would mean to load the town into our house. What will others say who read this notice?"

"Oh that's all nothing," replied Mrs. Garvis, "plainly, I expected to see our party featured in the society column of the paper this morning. Besides, our names appear just as good as do other names when printed in a paper, don't they?"

"You may think that it is mighty fine to have our names advertised in black and white," retorted Mr. Garvis, now almost in a rage, "but I—I am a business man. I must carry water on both shoulders most of the time, and here I am caught red-handed carrying water only on one. It is none of anybody's business what I am doing of nights. Judging from the way you speak, it would appear that you know something about this report in the paper."

Mrs. Garvis now resolved to hold the floor until it would be time for her husband to go to the office for his daily round of work. To give him a chance to air his views any further would only prove dangerous, for it seemed that the sound of his own voice was irritating to him; hence she entered upon the following lengthy explanation:

"What I want to tell you, hubby, by way of letting you know what I know about this press report concerns an experience that I have had as a student of news writing. You recall that before our marriage, I was a reporter by profession. It will be easy therefore, for me to explain this problem to you.

"I will not suppose that you are ignorant of the ordinary methods by which reporters come by the news that they write up for publication. As you know, they are sent out on regular "runs," and it is their business to "fetch home the bacon" from

these "runs," or they will be run out of a job. By far the most news sources have nothing to hide either in quality of news or in names of persons involved. In fact news from sources of this kind is public property and makes up the bulk of any paper. But our party last night does not belong to this family of news, and that is the cause of your worry.

"To show you plainly then how it came about that our domestic affairs found their way into the paper will require probing into journalism for a different solution. Has it ever occurred to you, hubby, that the society columns in papers are mostly in charge of women reporters and that for the reason of demanding a sharper "nose for news" than practically any other variety of stories demand? Why, they have even developed news sources technically known as "dark runs" where nobody's existence, nobody's business, and nobody's name is safe against investigation! These places are hot-beds for gossip. If you wish to learn something about them yourself, all you will have to do is frequent delicatessen stores, florists' shops, hair-dressing parlors, garages, and places of similar kind, and you will quickly learn how the most carefully curtained and door-bolted secret finds its way into publicity. It may be regarded as a breach of professional etiquette for the proprietors of these and similar shops to divulge what they know about their customers, but the feeling of business pride is usually stronger than the idea of etiquette. If a reporter will only be shrewd enough to encourage friendship with these trades-people, they will slip him many a choice morsel of news such as will make his or her column racy and interesting.

"It was just through channels of this kind that our party became known to the paper. You are wrong in your suspicions concerning my tattling. It is just another instance where ignorance of the ways of the world makes a fool of you. Briefly, if you expect that people in our position should escape newspaper notice, then there is but one of two things for us to do, namely, take up our abode on the moon, or put ourselves in the position of Robinson Crusoe."

The clock now struck nine, and Mr. Garvis had to hurry to his office. On the way he revolved in his mind what his wife had told him only to work himself into a stew and into a fit of ill-humor. If only he could devise some way to padlock the news-mongering, the tattling, the gossiping, and the tale-bearing prevalent among people, then surely he would feel contented. Formerly, so he mused, publicity was the penalty of crime, but now it is the penalty of existence. Yet there is one thing that I can do by way of amusement, he said to himself, and that is find out what is so enticing about these "Dark Runs."

Arthur Kuhlman '32

MOTHER!

There are roses full and budding,
There are lilies fair and tall;
There are violets in the springtime,
And frail asters in the fall,
But the fairest bloom in blossom
Is my mother, queen of all.

J. F. Szaniszlo '31

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Editorial

Within the last few weeks a little blue covered booklet has made its appearance at the College, and already it has found its way into nearly every state in the Union, the Philippine Islands, as well as into Austria, Belgium, Canada, China, Italy, and Switzerland. To predict that it will soon appear as a "best seller" would do a gross injustice to the compiler and to those who have labored unsparingly to prepare it for the press; for such a selfish motive surely never entered into their minds. The booklet referred to is the new St. Joseph's College Alumni Directory, covering the period from the foundation of the College in 1891 until the present time. Bound in an attractive blue cover and embossed with the College seal, the appearance of the booklet leads one to hope that the contents are in keeping with the standard set by the cover. Indeed, the reader will not be disappointed; rather he will be greatly pleased to find that it is an immense store-house of information which brings again to mind the happy recollection of acquaintances made during his College days.

To the Alumni this booklet should be a source from which much information relative to the whereabouts and occupation of many of their former classmates and friends can be drawn. Those who are still pursuing their studies here at College will discover that it contains the latest information available concerning former classmates, who for one reason or another have discontinued their studies.

In general, the new Directory should be regarded

as precious by those who in years past have sought out St. Joseph's College as a place to pursue their education. It should aid noticeably in developing and strengthening that strong bond of good fellowship and loyalty which every Alma Mater requires of her sons. While the Directory does not contain the name of every person eligible for membership in the Alumni Association, still it is as complete and accurate as can reasonably be expected of a work of this nature.

To the compiler and to all who have in any way lent aid in preparing this Directory, highest praise and commendation are due. May their hope that "it will help to bind more closely the ties that join the Alumni to their Alma Mater" be fulfilled to their highest expectations.

In this present age of feverish haste, when the daily routine of man's existence is for the most part regulated by mechanical devices, it has been an easy matter for an apparently harmless habit of inexactness and carelessness of detail to enter into one's general mode of living. This evil of superficiality is gaining entrance into nearly every walk of life, and in general, people are content to dispose of any undertaking in the easiest manner and with the least effort possible. As a result, their work is shallow; a gloss that merely covers the surface. Whether such conditions are to be blamed on man's own inherent craving and greed for the almighty dollar, or whether they are to be accepted as characteristic conditions of the times in which he lives, are matters of conjecture only. There must be a general agreement, however, that means should be taken to eradicate this spirit of superficiality. One remedy is to fight against it with those superior qualities which

it attempts to undermine. The man who is clear-minded, conscientious, and earnest in his endeavors has little fear that his work will be superficial.

RETREAT

I found a little cove beneath the clear, blue sky
Where trees are fringed with music o'er their
branches high.

Below these bearded giants where shelter may be had,
The bluet and the shooting star join dance demurely
glad.

Sweet roses ramble here, and sprinkled o'er the green
Nasturtiums gay with golden rod are always to be
seen.

I love to linger here when toil of day is done
To feel the evening breeze and watch the setting
sun.

Here thoughts steal o'er my mind of days now
long ago,

And memory dips sweet fancy in dyes of sunset
glow.

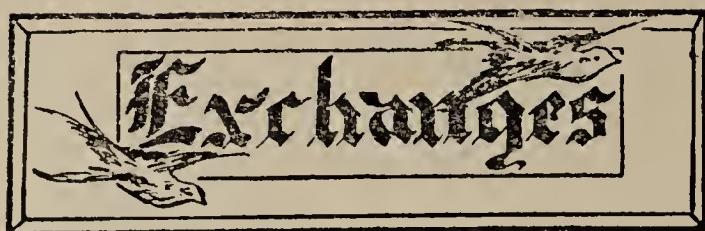
What if the day was wounded by flames of solar heat,
I find reward at evening in this my choice retreat
For labors done and prizes won of which no imp
can steal

The joy and satisfaction deep which in this place
I feel.

Leonard Rancilio '31

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us
The very clouds move on.

—Heine.



When the white splendor of cherry blossoms and the new spring glow of the sun came to Maryknoll, Theophilus and his companion had to venture out in search for pagan souls. According to the piquant "A Maryknoll Tragedy," their journey was sadly shortened. We are wondering how they felt when:

"angels led them to this bridge,
And parked them in its middle."

The pleasant spice of all the articles in THE FIELD AFAR from Maryknoll, New York, affords much enjoyable reading—and rereading at that. There is hardly an item without interest. The excellent article, "The Isles of Faith—Will They Know a Second Spring?" is very educational. We recommend this essay especially to those Mission Crusaders who are interested in the Philippines.

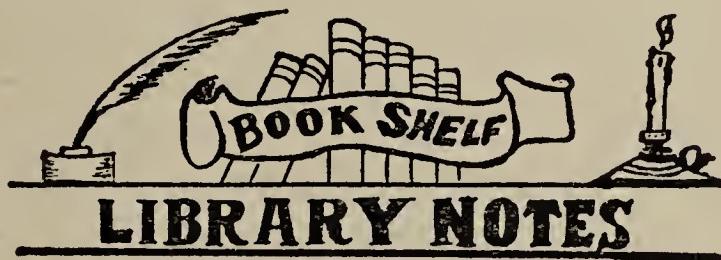
The AMBROSIAN from St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, presents one of the foremost book departments found in college journals. It is very agreeably inspiring. James Ross is to be commended for his very well-written essay on the "Shakespeare of France." What we like about the AMBROSIAN is its neat make-up.

To read whole-heartedly "The Flayer" in the LOYOLA QUARTERLY, from Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois, is to live once again in feudal times. The sardonic vacation story hints that the author likes to dabble in psychoanalysis. The QUARTERLY is attractive in every respect.

Short and fully fascinating detective and mystery

stories are rather in vogue these days. Even the college publications of our country manage to contain at least one sometime in the year. The FLAMBEAU from Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, introduced a quite clever one in a recent issue. We, however, ask the author how it was possible that the contriver of such a unique murder incident could retain his mental equilibrium afterwards? There are some remarkably clear cuts in the FLAMBEAU.

We gratefully acknowledge all the other exchanges received during the past month.



SOME NOVELS

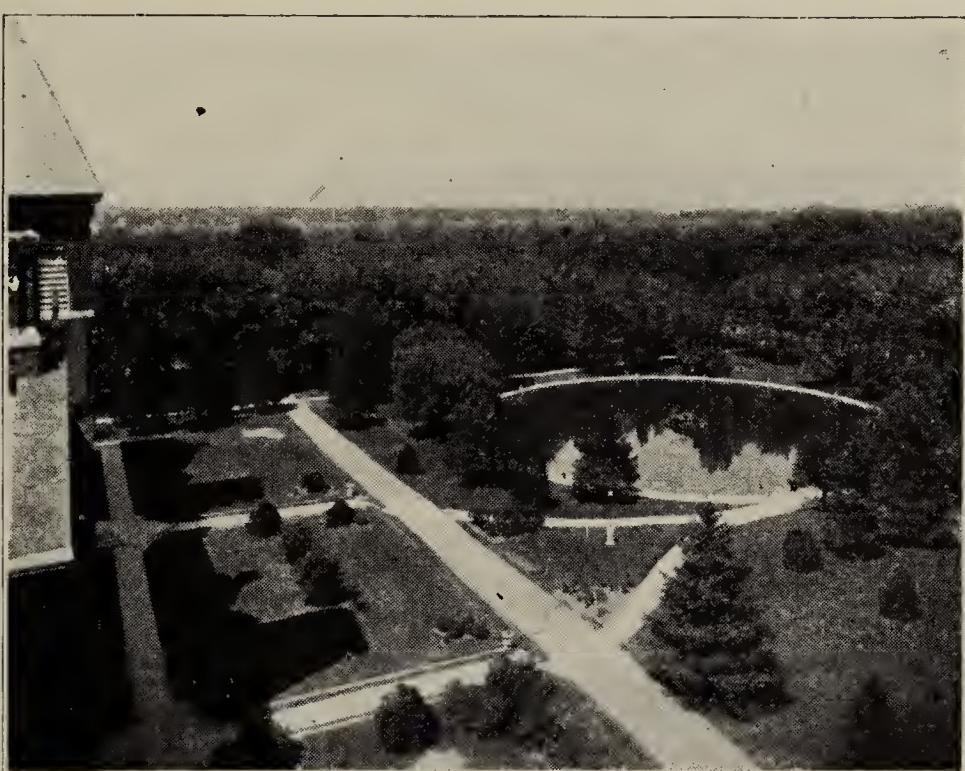
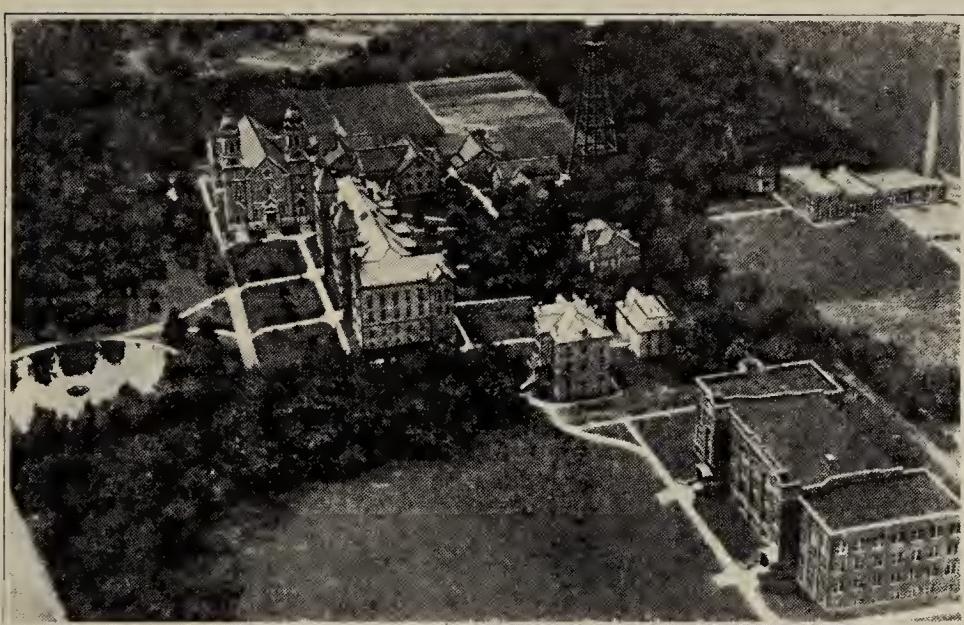
THE MASTERFUL MONK, by Owen Francis Dudley.

With this book a third volume is added to the "Problems of Human Happiness" series. The first, "Will Men Be Like Gods?" is an answer to the calumniators of religion; the second, "The Shadow on the Earth," a forceful reply to the atheistic slanderers of God. It is the purpose of "The Masterful Monk" to vindicate, as it were, the Catholic attitude toward man and his moral nature, to meet the onslaughts of pagan Modernists who would debase humanity to the level of mere animalism. Father Dudley has veiled the execution of his purpose with a thin plot, but he possesses one incontestable requisite of a fictioneer—he has a drive of action—plenty of things happen. The hero, Brother An-

selm, is seen as a gigantic champion of Catholicism, a really "masterful monk," who brings back into the Church a beautiful English society girl, and converts a young man, Basil Esterton, leading him in the end from a fancied religious vocation to a happy marriage. As a polemic, Brother Anselm is unexcelled. The unaffected Julian Verrers, against whom the monk directs his controversies, is the prototype, or spokesman, of certain contemporary materialists, scientists, philosophers, and guardians of thought. He argues as illogically as they do, he advocates the same immoral ideas as they advocate. Father Dudley succeeds better as an apologist than as a novelist, though his inventiveness makes him no mean entertainer.

THE FLYING CROMLECH, by Hugh DeBlacam.

David Maxwell was a foolish youth, who (as Irishmen do) took up his easel and left his native home to study art and aesthetics in Paris. Suddenly and magically a little Irish colleen, whom he called his Lady Red-Head, stepped into his Parisian life. It was simply a case of love at first sight. But she vanished as abstrusely as she had appeared. David, determined to find his Jacobite Lady, searched Paris until he found her. But again he could enjoy his "Brightness of Brightness" only long enough to obtain her first name and a snapshot of her home in Ireland, and near it a cromlech, "one of those stone mementoes of a past age." In his dreams this Irish lass was the embodiment of all that is beautiful and sublime, she was his Beatrice, his Laura. He, very naturally, went in search of the cromlech, and after wandering the "length and breadth of Ireland," discovered his love not far from his home. In his quest he was something of a Sir Galahad, and perhaps



more properly, an Irish Don Quixote, for on his journey (which takes up the major part of the story), he met with wonderful adventures which gave the author a well-worked-out opportunity to delve into Gaelic legends, history, and customs. Beside these, Mr. DeBlacam's hero and heroine fade in prominence, and his profound knowledge and acquaintance with Celtic literature and folk-lore become the more important. The spell of Deidre, the beauty of Erin, and other legendaries of Ireland attract his love more than the characters of his novel. In this respect, "The Flying Cromlech" can hardly be called a novel; much less can its author as has been suggested, be named the successor of *Donn Byrne*; he is rather of the Padraic Colum school.

THE EDWARDIANS, by V. Sackville West.

In her last novel Miss Sackville-West writes of the days when an aristocracy reached the full acme of its influence, when intrigue was a form of social demeanor, and when every commandment was violated but the eleventh. The historical period concerned is intimated by the title, "The Edwardians," the "Gay Nineties." In a clear, though robust style, she tells how Sebastian, the descendant of an English dukedom, tried to escape from the life which was his lot by birth, but finds himself bound to it both by a sort of cabalistic Nemesis and more directly by his love for the magnificent old manor-house, Chevron. This immense relic of Kentish feudalism, plundered by Queen Elizabeth and given to the Sackville Earls for some petty loyalty, is pictured in an elegaic manner. It is the beautiful house, its environment and the fastidious circumstances of its inhabitants that means so much to Miss Sackville West. Posing as a social critic, she must be

given credit for her wit and playful satire, but, on the other hand, her judgments are not sufficiently detailed to warrant positiveness or finality.

RIVALS ON THE RIDGE, by Ferdinand Hoorman.

Somewhere in the southwest the Edgemeres owned valuable mines; from somewhere in the southwest emerged Harold Locke to thwart the plans of the "Rival Rovers," a fake railroad company, who by every imaginable deceit attempt to get the mines into their possession. In his detective work Harold comes into contact with the Little Old Man of the Ridge, a mysterious co-worker of the "railroaders," and with Clara, the Edgemere's marriageable daughter, with whom he falls in love, and whose love he receives in return. The publishers' blurbs were for once quite truthful when they shouted: "Follow these 'rivals,'—the one in aiding the enemy, the other in outwitting them. There is thrilling adventure, intriguing mystery, and wholesome romance with a background of desert and hills in the great southwest of our country." Being a romantic novel, it does not propose to study either life itself or its problems; it is meant to entertain only, and is to be read as such. One finds that many of the situations are possible but rather improbable. Improbabilities, however, weave romance. Except for a certain looseness of construction, and what one might term an unprofessional hesitancy, Father Hoorman's book may deservedly take its place beside Honore Willsie Morrow's "Still Jim."

A NOTE ON SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

In his recent article on Miss Kaye-Smith, Father Maxwell, writing in "America," observes that

"Though Miss Kaye-Smith has lived and written through an age which witnessed a literary revolution, she has had no part in it. Early in life the dignity of toil and the grim struggle of yeomen with the forces of nature enlisted the aid of her pen. To this cause she would seem to have sworn fealty. Nor has she swerved from her course. While Galsworthy and Deeping strive to delight with the somewhat artificial loveliness of English lawns shaded with stately elms, and the conversation of men and women whose lives are foreign to labor, Miss Kaye-Smith delves into a world of reality which she knows from experience to bring us armfuls of real romance, the rugged romance of the soil." She is, indeed, the spokeswoman for the Sussex farmers. Idealization of farm life is alien to her writings; she is a realist, a novelist of life, and all that it represents. She loves her people and does not make them other than what they are.

One of her first novels, "Spell Land," is the story of an upright and sternly honest girl and of two boys who were her first playmates and friends, then later mutual lovers and enemies. With its pages of serene prose, its passionate characters, and its tragic progression, "Spell Land" is skillfully worked out. There is a winning something in the book that gives indications of the great talent which has more than once proved itself in her later work.

Rich in emotion, poetic in style, tragic, sad, pathetic, and melodramatic in plot, her "Three Against the World" is a fine book to illustrate the degree of development which its author underwent from the freshness and youthful spontaneity of "Spell Land" to the judgments and moralizings of later and maturer years.

"Shepherds in Sackcloth," her latest offering,

is a poignantly touching story of a country pastor and two untamed youths, Theresa of the flaming hair, and George, the classic revivalist. Miss Kaye-Smith gives one something to be thankful for; her criticisms of life so deftly given deserve deepest consideration.



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The usual meetings of the Columbian Literary Society have been devoted to debating, dramatic reading, and study of Parliamentary Law. These activities have made the Columbian meetings very interesting, but still more engaging has been the rehearsal of the five-act drama "Pizarro," which will be presented as one of the chief features of the Annual Homecoming Days.

It may be well in order to announce that the C. L. S. will stage the "Merchant of Venice" in connection with the graduation exercises on the Commencement of this year. The choice of this play met with instant approval, because the Columbians have eagerly desired to put on a Shakespearian drama, and now that they have the opportunity they feel much elated at the prospect. St. Joseph's playgoers may rest assured that this performance will be put over in a grand way.

NEWMAN CLUB

True to their promise, the Newmans made an

exceptionally fine showing of "Gus Enfield: Town Property," a play in prologue and three acts, on the night of April 22. The dramatic ability of the cast members was severely taxed, but each actor proved his worth. From the indolent farmer's son to the phlegmatic "first citizen" the characterization was cleverly carried out. The Newmans may well point with pride to their record.

As was aptly explained in the course of the play, Gus Enfield is a waif. He was found on the doorstep of the town hall in Enfield on the first day of August, hence the name Gus, and the surname Enfield. Because he was taken in charge by the town he was also regarded as "town property." All very easily explained, provided the circumstances of the case are known before hand.

Victor Boarman, as "town property," is an ambitious, energetic young man, kind-hearted to a fault. Eventually, his altruism takes hold on him to such an extent that he bears another's guilt in crime. He is, however, proved innocent; proves to be a hero, and solves several complicated situations in a way that makes the play end happily. William Egolf, the "town's leading citizen," is the only inhabitant who is impressed by the fact. Arrogant and wealthy, he exacts justice with vindictive cruelty, but in the end he must swallow much chagrin, as he realizes that his nephew is the culprit. Kenneth Hurlow, the delinquent nephew, carried the greater part of the dramatic burden. His portrayal of misery and terror far excelled the smug complacency of his earlier moods. Leonard Fullenkamp, town champion, loyal friend of Gus, and bitter enemy of the leading citizen, displayed the hatred demanded by his role very dramatically in his attack on Mr. Egolf's proposed selfish measures.

Selectman, Aloys Selhorst, presented a true picture of a man's joy on becoming "a sure enough grandpaw" for the first time. Edward Moorman, and Urban Wurm, also selectmen, sided in with the people in their opposition to the selfish motives of the "first citizen." Frederick Krieter, janitor and yes-man, gave rise to much amusement with his lackadaisical manner of sweeping and dusting. James Dwyer, colored gentleman, was the funniest character of the play, and the audience felt a trifle put out because he did not have occasion to put in his appearance more often. William Staudt, Clerk of the town meeting, an annual affair by the way, made a very handsome and imposing appearance. Walter Steiger, was almost unrecognizable beneath his false hair, whiskers, and cut-away coat; his bit, as Moderator of the meeting, lent an air of exactness to the procedure.

Lazy, shiftless farmer boy, Michael Vichuras was a contrast to the zealous Gus Enfield. Clair Zimmerle, chance traveler, made his appearance as a man of the world with a cosmopolitan air towards the things of life.

Fr. I. J. Rapp, deserves heartiest thanks from all those who held roles in this play. By careful instruction and illustration, he enabled the actors to see both the humorous and serious incidents that contributed to make the play in every respect natural and interesting. Very fortunate, indeed, are the Newmans to have the benefit of Father Rapp's supervision and direction.

Again the unfailing ingenuity of the local stage managers has scored a big success in this play. On this occasion they were confronted with the difficulty of having a water well so arranged that it would pump water in full view of the audience, good clear

water at that. A Freshman insisted on seeing this well on the following day, but alas, the tub of water beneath the pump had already been removed. The stage managers deserve to be congratulated on their wonderful ability in making the numerous rapid scene-shifts that were necessary. Clarence Rable, boss, and Bela Szemetko, first assistant, are the busy young men behind the scenes.

Cast of Characters

Billy Kent, Cyrus Kent's son	-----	Michael Vichuras
Thomas Jackson, a traveler	-----	Clair Zimmerle
Cyrus Kent, a farmer	-----	Leonard Fullenkamp
Gus Enfield, "Town Property"	-----	Victor Boarman
Clerk of the Town Meeting	-----	William Staudt
Moderator of the Town Meeting	-----	Walter Steiger
James Keene	Selectmen	Urban Wurm
William Hall		Edward Moorman
Ralph Warren		Aloys Selhorst
Jonas Lane, self appointed "first citizen;" bank president	-----	William Egolf
Jack Brown, bank janitor and town loafer -----	-----	Frederick Krieter
Erastus White, colored gentleman	-----	James Dwyer
Frank Lane, Jonas Lane's nephew	-----	Kenneth Hurlow

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The regular monthly meeting disclosed the fact that the short story contest closed with a file of nearly forty manuscripts; also that the treasury was suffering from a lack of funds. The business of the meeting, therefore, consisted largely in discussing how the depleted treasury might be refilled. No particular agreement, however, was reached. A future meeting, it is hoped, will solve the difficulty.

At this meeting the fifth year stepped into the

lime light, by way of taking a turn at giving entertainment. They responded eagerly and well. Their subject was a one-act play written by Bernard Hartlage, the Unit's own treasurer. A play, in every respect worthy of merit. Entitled "Home, Sweet Home," scene laid in China, but by a dream it is pictured in America, and then once more it is returned to China, such, in brief, is the whole of this attempt at doing work in the field of drama by the Dwengerite play-writer.

Lawrence Gollner, missionary in China, was an impressive representative of the labors in the mission field. Outside of seizing the wrong suitcase at his departure, his part was well carried. Norman Koller, a classmate and fellow missionary, felt much at home on the stage, a fact long suspected, but not proved until recently. Leo Lemkuhl, father of the missionary, showed true parental devotion and sacrifice in order that his son might labor in the far away mission fields. Bernard Hartlage, little brother, ran all over the stage simply bubbling over with vitality. Robert Zahn, the catechist, evidently enjoyed his part. Matthew Lange, as a Chinese servant passed the test. Gilbert Wirtz, was fortunate in having one cue which was something in Chinese. What it was though, nobody has been able to ascertain, because Gilbert has already forgotten his speaking role. Father G. F. Esser directed the play and supervised the make-up of the actors.

Cast of Characters

Father Matthew, a missionary to China____

----- Lawrence Gollner

Father Francis, his classmate ____ Norman Koller

Mr. Howard, Father Matthew's father__Leo Lemkuhl

Jim Howard, Father Matthew's brother ____

----- Bernard Hartlage

Tom, a catechist in China ----- Robert Zahn
Mop-Mup, Chinese servant ----- Matthew Lange
A messenger ----- Gilbert Wirtz

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

At the conclusion of the crashing chords of Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas," the college orchestra, under the direction of Professor Paul C. Tonner, inaugurated another Annual Musicale on Sunday evening, April the nineteenth. It is unjust to say 'another annual Musicale' for it would be hard for any musical organization to attain, year after year, the heights reached by the participants on that evening.

The entire program was excellently rendered. The musical numbers were executed with such perfection as cannot ordinarily be expected from college students. The specialties were rendered with true art—adding to, rather than detracting from the musical selections. It was, all through, a well-chosen and excellently rendered program.

Kreisler's "Liebesfreud," rendered as a violin solo by William McKune with orchestral accompaniment, was one of the highlights of the evening. The soft, vibrant, perfect tones produced by the young soloist, who bids fair to be one of the finest violinists ever turned out by St. Joseph's College, could not help but reach the heart. It is the writer's opinion that "Liebesfreud" and Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours" were the most enjoyable musical renditions, although "Ruy Blas" was probably more perfectly played.

Valerian Volin's unique xylophone solo, "Yankee Shuffle," also accompanied by the orchestra, evidently made the greatest hit with the younger

students for its originality as did Moszkowski's "Espagnole" prove a treat to the musically educated.

The Kentucky Wonder Beans—featured particularly for the large number of Kentucky guests—was necessarily a hit; for such capering clowns as Fred Cardinalli, James Conroy, Charles Mitchell, Donald DeMars, and Leonard Fullenkamp, with their able director, Rouleau Joubert, could not possibly go unnoticed. Any one present will testify to the hit made by the specialty dance of Aloysius Phillips, and the Crow and Canary act in which fine feathers were featured on Lawrence Grothouse and Edmund Binsfeld respectively.

A novel feature was introduced in "An Apostrophe to Our Alma Mater," in which a new college song, which many students hope will take its place along with Father Henkel's "College Hymn" was featured. John Spalding as reader, and a saxaphone quartet composed of Charles Scheidler, Nicholas Laufer, Ralph Steinhauser, and James Maloney were supported by the orchestra in this novel and effective presentation.

The grand finale, which had the real college spirit, gave the audience a chance to choose between the two college songs, as both were introduced in many novel arrangements and brought to a climax in which the entire cast of the Musicale participated.

Plainly the program was such as deserves to go down in the annals of St. Joe's as one that accomplished its purpose—and for what other purpose is a program presented, but to please the audience? Even if the skies hung heavy outside the sun shone bright in the auditorium, for every one was happy.

It would be impossible to pass comment on the program without giving due credit where the real

credit belongs—and that is to Professor Paul C. Tonner. Mr. Tonner, without any help, presented a program that any school would highly respect. A program that stands to his honor as one presented by a man of exceptional ability and rare musical appreciation.

So much space has been given to the Musicale that it will be impossible to comment upon the other musical organizations that have been in the forefront during the past weeks; but with the numerous events that still hold a place on the calendar it would not be fair to forget the band which soon will make its appearance in the weekly band concerts, and the choir that has improved by leaps and bounds since Easter. "Missa Liturgica," "Missa Sanctae Luciae" and the "Mass of the Immaculate Conception" bear convincing evidence that the choir is doing its duty and is doing it well.

THE BEST THING

A dungeon treasures sunshine
That seldom visits there;
A pauper values riches,
The artist, paintings rare;
A singer's soul is lifted
By strains of music grand;
A peasant's heart finds gladness;
In fertile native land;
But cheer my soul with friendship
So comforting and free,
Leave all the rest to others
Keep but this one for me:
This greatest human pleasure
Is far above all measure.

Al. Phillips '32



ALUMNI NOTES

Doors—what a world of fading phantasies a mind might linger o'er.

Doors—what a fleet of wand'ring dreamships their mention calls to shore.

Well might one discourse on the memories that reassert themselves at the mere mention of doors. There is the door that gave us our first attack of swelling of the head, after we'd tested it with our upper extremities; the door to the gang's clubhouse; the door to one's chum's home; the door to a particular classroom; the door that—peculiarly—had to be closed from the outside; the door that was always open; the door to this or that heart; the door to success. Front doors;—back doors;—and even the screen-doors; but just now—the doors of St. Joe's College. Standing open at an inviting angle, the doors of St. Joe's cry silently for you to enter again the haunts of the most interesting period of your life, Alumni; that period in which you grew from boyhood to manhood. Are you availing yourself of this opportunity to explore the many darkened rooms in your mansion of memory that the mere sight of St. Joe's doors can unlock? Are you calling back to the shore of consciousness all those glittering galleons of fleecy imagination and warming ambition that you built here behind the doors of St. Joe? Alumni Day is your day! Make the most of it!

In the May issue of the "Shield" the official publication of the National C. S. M. C., there appeared a picture of a group of seminarians assembled before the entrance to Crusade Castle, Cincinnati,

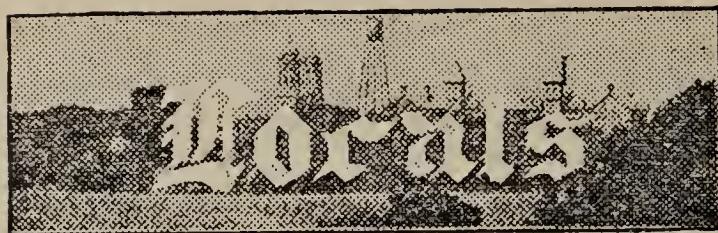
Ohio. There was an attempt made, after discovery that the seminarians hailed from Mount St. Mary Seminary of the West at Cincinnati, to recognize any Alumni that might have been present. Success crowned the effort. Ferd Evans, '28, Joseph Shenk, '28, Arthur Schmitt, '28, and Joe Hartman, '28, were recognized. If there were any others present, we shall have to admit that our eyesight is poor. In future, however, all Alumni should make it their honest concern to be so photographed or "snapped" that recognition will be possible. Thank you.

The official eavesdropper for the Collegian announces that according to rumor, Frederick Hunt, of the Class of '30, has lately been invested as a brother in the Holy Cross Community at South Bend, Indiana.

In consideration of the fact that this department of the Collegian belongs exclusively to the Alumni, a more hearty response to requests for news should be forthcoming, and it would be greatly appreciated. Don't rely on your neighbor; send a postal of your own. There are no pages of the Collegian on which it is easier to have one's name inscribed than upon those of this department. What a chance! Maybe you've heard the story about the ambitious student who was desirous to see his name in the school publication. All ways and means failed; finally he left school. Now he is a loyal Alumnus—because his desire to see his name in print has kept him interested in his Alma Mater. Maybe he didn't know, but Loyalty to any cause is best maintained by retaining a live interest in that cause.

Another May new buds and flowers shall bring:
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

—Charlotte Smith.



COLLEGE BANQUET

One of Collegeville's bigger social events, the annual College banquet, was held in the College refectory on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, April 22nd. The event gained unusual significance this year, commemorating as it did the twenty-fifth anniversary of Brother Fidelis Baker as a prefect. Twenty-five years ago this school year, Brother Fidelis started on his career as a prefect at St. Joseph's. Another distinctive feature of the banquet was the presence of the Very Rev. Rector and of the Rev. B. Scharf, together with the Brother Prefects, who sought to do honor to their colleague, Brother Fidelis.

After the splendid repast, prepared by the Sisters according to their best style in cooking, had been enjoyed, an entertainment was held under the felicitous toastmastership of Bela Szemetko, the Senior class president. Addresses were made by the Very Rev. Rector and Father Scharf in which the faithfulness, cheerfulness, and popularity of Brother Fidelis were stressed. Harry Connolly and James Conroy furnished pleasant interludes with speeches in a lighter vein. John Lefko, president of the class of '32, as well as the secretaries of both classes, Leonard Cross and John Byrne, delivered pertinent and pleasing addresses, remarking on the excellent feeling prevailing between the two classes. The reading of a letter from the class of '30, written by Herman Reineck, class president, congratulating Brother Fidelis, was received with applause. Brother Jubilarian, besides expressing grateful senti-

ments to the members of the College Department, also thanked the class of '30 for their kindly and appreciative letter.

Another distinctive feature of the occasion was the awarding of letters to the successful athletes of both classes. Members of the Fifth Year Academic League team, basketball champs for the second time, who received "SJC's" are; D. DeMars, manager, C. Nardecchia, captain, I. Vichuras, G. Wirtz, M. Lange, T. Harris, L. Gollner, C. Strasser, C. Mitchell, and V. Kreinbrink. The following members of the Sixth year Senior League team, who won the senior championship for the second year straight, received "J's": J. Sheeran, Manager, L. Cross, captain, J. Gibson, F. Kienly, A. Mathieu, B. Dreiling, C. Kern, T. Riemann, J. Maloney, C. Sanger and S. Tatar. Music for the banquet was furnished by an orchestra composed of H. Bucher, and James and Charles Maloney. The banquet was brought to a successful close with the singing of the College Hymn, after which those present repaired to town to enjoy a town day.

W. C. A. '31

The members of the Collegian Staff and of the High School Department join with the College men in extending congratulations for continued success and happiness to Brother Fidelis.

With the same anxiety and anticipation with which many people look forward to the annual Kentucky Derby, St. Joseph's has eagerly awaited Kentucky Day, which this year happened to fall on the nineteenth of April. The C. I. & L. again offered a special coach to the Kentuckians, who preferred

to stop off and see Collegeville and their loved ones rather than complete the trip to Chicago.

In spite of an almost continuous drizzle of April rain, St. Joseph's tried to entertain the Kentuckians in the best manner possible. In the afternoon the local baseball fans demanded a game, and as a result an interesting struggle ensued between the Sixths and the Seconds. A detailed account of the contest, especially of the Second-Year rally, may be found in the Sport Section.

In the evening, the annual Musicale was staged. To say the least, the St. Joseph's Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of Professor Paul Tonner, proved its genuine worth by presenting an excellent and most enjoyable program.

Here's hoping that "you all" will need three coaches when Kentucky Day comes in 1932. It was our ambition to make your short visit to Collegeville pleasant and enjoyable. Come again!

DOG DAYS AT COLLEGEVILLE!

For weeks the Local Editors have been forced to retain the detailed accounts of social events of another free day, April 6th, Easter Monday. This day almost turned out to be a Dog Day, not only for the members of the entire High School Department, with the one exception of the Freshmen Class, but also for the Editor of the Music Department, the Local Editor, and the Business Manager of the Collegian. In their attempt to gather news for the local college journal, these three gentlemen ran the risk of suffering the penalties which are inflicted upon unwelcome dog catchers. But after a short powwow, each class agreed to have its representative reporter record the events of the triple wienie roast.

It might be of some information to remind the High School Department that Dog Days according to the present calendar occur generally during the month of August.

Through efficient management, the officers of the Second Year, succeeded very well, not only in promoting the wienie roast in such a manner as to enable each sophomore to eat to his stomach's content but also in making the whole affair a huge success.

On arriving at a previously selected site, a few of the more ambitious participants indulged in a game of "King of the Hill." This sport, however, was soon abandoned for it was discovered to the painful surprise of many that the entire hill was covered with a mantle of Hoosier sandburrs.

After the first attack on the helpless "pups" had subsided, a bit of "cross country work" took place in which Jerry Roth bagged first honors with G. LaFontaine a close second. Each contestant was required to run to a nearby stretch of woods, and the one returning first with a twig was to be the winner. No doubt, R. Steinhauser, who came in third, would have won had he not attempted to return with a sapling tucked under his arm. Only after a heated horse race, the "dogs and buns" were again besieged. Then sedulously doing nothing for a while, the satiated but happy mob turned home-wards.

Jerry Roth '35

Under a beautifully cloudless sky, in the midst of the glories of early spring, the Juniors enjoyed the many blessings and diversions occasioned by a class

wienie roast. Besides the roasting and eating of the plentiful supplies of wienies and marshmallows, many other amusements were had, one of the most interesting of which was an egg hunt. After an industrious combing of the hills and hollows of the gravel pit, the most successful searcher proved to be Mike Storm.

Another feature of the wienie roast was a singing contest. After an "imitation of Caruso" was well rendered by "Snakes" O'Herron in his native Italian, an impromptu quartette composed of Steinhauer, Heckman, Cook, and Lombardi took the stand and sang what afterwards turned out to be "My Wild Irish Rose." The harmony was astounding. The high spots of the song were marked by the beautiful tenor voice of Signior Lombardi in a perfect imitation of a lonely canine giving voice to his feelings. The howl of Lombardi was the most musical part of the song, although the rapid alternation between tenor and basso profundo of Herr Steinhauer also deserves mention—perhaps condemnation. The quartette won the contest by the unanimous consent of the suffering audience.

The wienies, of course, were thoroughly enjoyed. All would have been well, had not some "Dutchman" maliciously produced some of that only rival of the perfume of roses—limburger cheese. Said "Dutchman," however, received his just reward when he was suddenly assaulted, and his nostrils were perfumed and creamed with a goodly portion of the "aromatic" cheese.

Wm. McKune '34

With zeal and true enthusiasm a thundering herd representing the Fourth Year set out for its favorite

country-day rendezvous, the old sandpit west of the College. Within a surprisingly short time our honorable chefs, Joseph Lenk, Donald Besanceney, William Egolf, and Fred Follmar, arranged a banquet fit for kings. When all the victuals had been properly prepared Monsieur Besanceney sounded the call for dinner. There was, however, a notable influence of the luscious Easter packages on the vast assembly. After each had devoured a "man-sized" sausage, coated with catsup, mustard, onions, and horseradish, no one dared to risk another. To top off such manly food, marshmallows were freely distributed for individual use and enjoyment. Quickly afterwards the entertainment committee, over which Fred Krieter presided, made formal announcement of a Marathon race, open to all, the halers included. The local trackmen carried off the honors of the day. Mike Vichuras won first place which granted him a free pass to the Palace Theatre that same afternoon; Vic Boarman after an unfortunate start came in second.

In order to keep things moving, Besanceney inaugurated a tournament on horse-back after the fashion of the knights of yore. In the midst of these activities, a delegation from the Senior Class arrived and received a very hearty welcome,—perhaps too warm and personal to be much appreciated. After their hurried departure, in order to bring the morning's festivities to a suitable climax, a long parade was arranged, and the homeward march begun.

M. Vichuras '33

To student John Kulbis of Elizabeth, New Jersey, the Collegian Staff joins with the students in extending heartfelt condolence upon the loss of his mother.

On April 28 a number of classes were discontinued for a short time to enable The Very Rev. Rector, Joseph B. Kenkel, the Rev. Sylvester Hartman, the Rev. Albinus Scheidler, and the Rev. Rufus Esser to attend the Community Conference held at Carthagena, Ohio.

The results of the annual Alumni Essay contest were announced on April 28th. "The Tiger Woman—Tamed" written by Kenneth Hurlow '33 was awarded first prize by the judges. "Sigrid Undset and the Medieval Church" by Raphael Gross '32 and "Francis Thompson" by Gilbert Wirtz '32 won second and third prizes respectively. The judges of the essays were the Rev. Julian Voskuhl, Carthagena, Ohio; the Rev. William Collins, Chicago, Ill.; and Mr. Medard Gabel of Niles Center, Illinois.

COMING IMPORTANT EVENTS!

May 14, Ascension Day—Conroy Oratory Contest.

May 20, Alumni Homecoming Day—Alumni vs. Varsity baseball game.

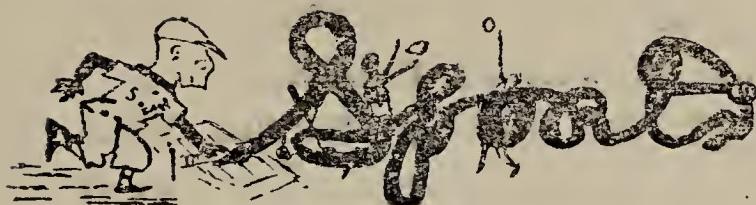
May 30, Decoration Day—Holiday.

June 2, Seniors start final examinations.

June 8-9, Commencement.

There is none, in all this cold and hollow world, no
fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A Mother's heart.

—Mrs. Hemans.



SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Fifths -----	2	0	1000
Sixths -----	1	0	1000
Fourths -----	0	1	000
Thirds -----	0	1	000
Seconds -----	0	1	000

FIFTHS, 5; THIRDS, 4.

A baseball game replete with thrills and effective hitting ushered in the local baseball season. From the time that the umpire's well-developed baritone voice commanded "Play Ball," until the eleventh inning when hero Pastva knocked the ball out of the lot, the Fifths and Thirds battled, each determined to win. There was the old spirit of confidence and courage evident in both teams.

What an excellent way to open the baseball season! And what a dramatic ending that home run put to this eleven-inning game!

With both teams exhibiting marvelous teamwork throughout, the Thirds took the lead in the first inning. This lead changed hands in the fifth inning and then the score was tied in the sixth frame by the Thirds. This tie score put so much interest into the game that every move of the pitcher and every swing of the bat was watched with tantalizing anticipation. And Fate allowed this agony of suspense to continue until the eleventh inning. Then as a fitting climax to this game of thrills, Pastva with a

long sweep of his bat slammed out a home run, scoring Conroy as well as himself.

Sharing the hitting honors with Pastva, were Iffert, Conroy, and Hoover. Hoover, besides driving out a two base hit to give his team the lead in the fifth inning, pitched a good game.

Kirchner and Rastetter of the Thirds by their timely hitting came close to playing the hero's role also.

SIXTHS, 6; SECONDS, 4.

Playing baseball in the rain may be all right to the extent that the batter can tell the umpire he's all wet, without insulting him. But the Sixths and Seconds much to their discomfiture, ascertained for themselves that an errorless brand of baseball cannot be played during a shower. Yet in contrast to the Sixths' and Seconds' many errors, stands their superb hitting, to say nothing of the grandstand catches made in left field by Steinhauser.

The Sixths' first appearance at the stick spelled victory for them. A hit by Tatar and another by Sheeran coupled to three errors of the Seconds in the first inning, gave the Sixths four runs. On Sheeran's second trip to the plate, his bat exploded for a home run.

Since the Seconds failed to score in the meantime the game continued to grow one-sided more and more during each inning until the sixth. Then a clashing sound of bats put a snappy verve into the atmosphere. The Seconds, solving the pitcher for five hits, were making a strong sortie to win the game, and if Lammers' three-base hit had not helped Stock to find himself again, it might have been too bad for the Sixths, for the Seconds had already scored four

runs. Once Stock found himself again, he pitched good ball, striking out most of the batters. Thus when already the third installment of the afternoon's shower had fallen,, the second senior baseball game had ended.

FIFTHS, 11; FOURTHS, 6.

While the Fifths in a state of ecstasy over their first victory once more showed marked ability for making the most of their opportunities by defeating the Fourths, the chilling winds—in fact there was almost a touch of ice in the air—whistled in sympathy at the careless manner in which the Fourths were throwing away a baseball game.

The explanation of any doubts that the Fourths carelessly gave away this ball game, and that the Fifths showed a marked faculty for making the most of their chances rests in the fact that, although the Fourths received twice as many hits as did the Fifths, yet the Fifths scored from them almost twice as many runs.

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Hornets -----	2	0	1000
Sluggers -----	1	0	1000
Robins -----	0	1	000
Hawks -----	0	2	000

HORNETS, 11; ROBINS, 5.

“Oh, Skinny! come with us, we are going out to watch the Juniors play baseball.” Thus ran the enthusiastic refrain of the younger students on Wednesday, March 15, when the Hornets and the Robins played the opening game of the junior league. Since the big league clubs staged their gala getaway only

a day before, it may be said that there is nothing about our juniors that is slow. They're right up with the big leagues when it comes to starting.

But in one way these two junior teams had it over most of the big league baseball teams. They scored more runs. Taking it for granted that balls, bats and fielders were made to be used, they put on them much wear and tear, piling up 16 runs. Since the Robins had the least of these 16 runs the decision favored the Hornets. Leitner pitched for the Hornets, while Saffer and Berg pitched for the Robins. Berg replaced Saffer in the fifth inning and stopped further consistent scoring on the part of the Hornets.

SLUGGERS, 13; HAWKS, 5.

Encouraged by remarks known in baseball slang as "you're pitching like an old timer," "give it a ride," "hit the dirt," etc., the Sluggers and the Hawks battled for five innings. In this struggle the baseball skill of the Sluggers overshadowed that of the Hawks by a score of 13 to 5.

The Sluggers getting only three hits received many unearned runs. Their second inning was most prolific. For when the bases were filled by men whom the pitcher walked, Woodard on his trip to the plate slammed a home run. J. Elder, star catcher of the Hawks, almost duplicated the long drive of Woodard's in the fifth inning when with two men on, he hit a three-bagger. Bresnan pitched for the Sluggers, while Hoevel hurled for the Hawks.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.

—Langford.

Humor by *Cephalopod*



Bird Fancier: That bird won't fly. All he wants to do is to sit down.

Sweet Young Thing: Oh, it must be one of those stool pigeons!

Frank was giving Red a ride on his shoulder.

"Enjoying your ride, Red?" asked Frank.

"Pretty well," answered Red, "but I like a real donkey better."

Nurse (to mother): Do you use baby talc on your child?

Mother (former school teacher): No, indeed. We use only the best English in talking to him.

If all the boys at St. Joe were placed at one long table, they would undoubtedly reach.

"Who's your close-mouthed friend over there?"

"He ain't close-mouthed. He's waiting for the janitor to come back with the gaboon."

Facetious One: Why so gloomy, old chap?

Gloomy One: Just heard my uncle has cut me out of his will. He's changed it five times in the past year.

Facetious One: Ha! Evidently a fresh-heir fiend.

Squirt: Whatcha want?

He: I want a soda.

They: Yeh, soda the rest of us.

A member of one of the Senate investigation committees was touring the country. Seeing a seedy looking farmer he said, "Well, Hiram, what do you think of the fuel shortage?"

"Wull," said Hiram, "there ain't none. There's just as many fuels now as they ever was."

Reporter: I've got a perfect news story.

Editor: What! The man bite a dog?

Reporter: Naw, a bull threw a Congressman.

Dusty Ike: Lady, would you please give me a cake of soap?

Housewife: What! Do you mean to say you want a cake of soap?

Dusty Ike: Yes, ma'am. My partner's got the hiccups and I want to scare him.

"He was considered the most expert parachute jumper in the country," remarked one of the friends who were gathered around the coffin.

"Yes," replied another, "he was good to the last drop."

Junior: Do you know that lady?

Senior: Oh, just a nodding acquaintance.

Junior: What do you mean, nodding?

Senior: Nodding doing.

It's the little things that bother us. You can sit on a mountain but not on a tack.

Encyclopedia Collegevillea

College Graduate: One who can count up to twenty without removing his shoes.

Two stuttering blacksmiths had finished heating a piece of pig iron, and one placed it on the anvil with a pair of tongs.

"H-h-h-h-hit it," he stuttered to his helper.

"W-wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the other.

"Aw, h-h-h-h—, we'll have to h-h-h-heat it again now."

Professor: Late again, Clayton.

Clayton: Never mind, so am I.

The railway line was flooded on account of the heavy rainstorms and the traveler was obliged to break his journey at a village. He made his way in the pouring rain to an inn, and said to the waiter there, "It is like the Deluge!"

"The what?"

"The Deluge. Haven't you read about the Deluge—Noah and the Ark and Mount Ararat?"

"No, sir," said the waiter, "we haven't had any papers here for three days."

Customer: Last week I bought a tire cover from you, and now I want my money back.

Clerk: Why?

Customer: I put it on one of my tires and hadn't driven ten miles before the blamed thing wore out.

Binkley: What kind of a job do you expect to get after you graduate?

Zukie: I thought I'd like to drive the ambulance for the Davey Tree Surgery Company.

First Sparrow: See that nice new hat down there?

Second Sparrow: Well, what of it?

First Sparrow: Well, I was just thinking.

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